THE WORLD.

NUMBER CLXIX.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *March* the 25th, 1756.

THE following letters have lain by me ſome time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuſe me for the delay, and for the few alterations, which I judged it neceſſary to make in them.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

IN a late paper, you have declared abſolutely againſt total nakedneſs in our ſex, and by others you have given us to underſtand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exerciſe itſelf upon,

or

or for curioſity to deſire, we are certainly loſing our hold upon the men. But I cannot ſay that ſince I have *undreſſed* myſelf to the utmoſt extent of the faſhion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modeſt woman; though, to confeſs the truth, I have had but one ſince, that has not plainly diſcovered a thorough averſion to marriage; and him I imprudently loſt, by granting to his importunity the full diſplay of my whole perſon: indeed the argument he uſed was ſo extremely reaſonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilſt he pleaded with the utmoſt tenderneſs, that what he requeſted as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily laviſhed indiſcriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedneſs, that as the ſummer comes on, they will encline to throw off all covering whatſoever, I have thought proper to ſet before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to diſcover. I can aſſure them, as an important truth, that if they have a deſire to retain even any admirers, they muſt ſtop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting huſbands, they will do wiſely to conceal, and reſerve among the acquiſitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now ſhew, to no other purpoſe than the defeating their own ſchemes.

Give me leave, ſir, to conclude this letter with a ſhort tranſcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken ſome pains to inſtruct the ladies in this particular point.

THE

THE maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals,
Give but a glimpſe, and FANCY *draws,*
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for FANCY'S *aid,*
Which evermore delighted, dwells
On what the haſhful nymph conceals.
When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IN this free and communicative age, in which buſineſs of almoſt all kinds is tranſacted by advertiſements, it is not uncommon to ſee wives and milch aſſes, ſtolen horſes and ſtrayed hearts, promiſcuouſly advertiſed in one and the ſame paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidſt all the remarkable advertiſements I have lately ſeen, I think the following by far the moſt curious; and for that reaſon, I deſire it may be made ſtill more public than it is already, by appearing in the WORLD.

"WANTED

"A CURATE at Beccles in Suffolk. Enquire far-
"ther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier,
"who inns at the Crown, the corner of Jeſus lane,
"Cambridge.

N. B.

" *N. B.* To be ſpoke with from Friday noon to Satur-
" day morning nine o'clock."

I HAVE tranſcribed this from a news-paper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, verbatim et literatim, and muſt confeſs I look upon it as a curioſity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the converſation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himſelf. Queſtionleſs Mr. Strutt has his orders to enquire into the young candidate's qualifications, and to make his report to the advertiſing rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deſerves our obſervation is, the propriety of referring us to a perſon who traffics conſtantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiſer might there expect numbers to flock to the perſon he employed, who (by the way) might have been ſomebody more like a gentleman (no diſparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleaſant too to obſerve the N. B. at the the end of the advertiſement; it carries with it an air of ſignificance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might poſſibly have been ſo bold as to have put himſelf on an equal footing with this negociator, if he had not known that he was only to be ſpoke with at ſtated hours.

THERE are ſome of us laymen (You, I dare ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the reſt) who are old-faſhioned enough to have ſome reſpect for the clergy: it does not therefore give us any pleaſure to ſee them thus advertiſed like barber's journeymen.

BUT why did not the advertiſer mention expreſly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have ſaved much trouble and altercation between his prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however,

ever, with this particular advertiſement, and leave the whole to your animadverſion; only deſiring that you would order under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertiſements for curates ſhould be worded in the following manner.

"WANTED

"A CURATE at ***. He muſt be one that can "play at Back-gammon, and will be willing to receive "five-and-twenty pounds a year for doing the whole "duty of a pariſh, while his rector receives two hun-"dred for doing none of it. He muſt keep what com-"pany, and preach what doctrine his rector pleaſes, &c. "&c. &c. Whoever will comply with theſe reaſonable "terms, may apply to ***, inn-keeper at ***, for "full information."

I am,

SIR,

Yours,

L. L.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

IT is with pleaſure that I ſee you leſs addicted to dreaming than moſt of your predeceſſors: to ſay the truth, I have ſeldom found you enclined to nod; though without any diſparagement to you, your betters and elders have ſometimes ſlept in a much ſhorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my ſchool-maſter, when he whipt me for ſleeping over my book.

LIFE has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of ſome old Grecians, who uſed to be always in doubt whether they were aſleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themſelves in this metropolis is inconceivable: even the pulpit is not free from them. The firſt time I ever heard the